

CANOEING AT BAR HARBOR

How the Summer Girl Smiles on Rocky Mount Desert

BUCKBOARD, GOLF, BICYCLES

Summer Sports and Well-Known Women Who Are Best at Them.

Bar Harber, Aug. 9.-This "Eastern Isle of Eden" makes one think always of scarlet kings. It is tradition from the days from Champlain discovered "L'Isle des Monta Deserta," or did Mrs. Burton Harrison couple the ideas in a more recent but still comparatively remote epoch when she wrote "Goldenrod" and told of the daily dress parade on the plasmas of the Rodick, where three times a day pretty girls gather "to plan excurdous, abjure fogs, exchange novets and est choculate bonbons," all with "the most delightful liberality in the display of sturiet stockings, which, with high hested slippers and aparkling buckles, are scattered over the verandas like popples in a field?"

Mrs. Borton Harrison is still here, and Bodick is still here, the scarlet stockings yet everything is changed. The "fish. pond" of the Rodick, as the office of this famous hotel used to be called, because such tempting balt was here available, and girl anglers, is not quite the rendezvous of Gebourd met Miss Luin Morris, now Mrs. Gebbard, and it was the possibilities of the "fish pond" that made the original commer girl, if the summer girl ever had every poff of wind that plays with the curls an original, sigh, "Better three hours of of her red gold hair. Mount Desert than three seasons of New York;" but though there are still scarlet as much as Newport, a cottage city.

of blue waters and fairy islands. Money has anchored a fleet of pleasure yachts in the harbor side by side with the fishing smacks and the birch canoes, and withal money has not yel driven away the painters, the sudents, the professors the would be boys again, and all the merry band of vacationers who wear stout shoes, dress like (artistic) tramps and live like gods to gether through long days of glorious sunshine in this crystal atmosphere.

The Bar Harbor girl sits on the rocks The world is familiar with that fact. Before she leaves honic she plans her summer wardrobe to be effective againste a rock. The best rocks are along the shore walk. In front are the black masses of the bald porupine, against which the spray dashes white, and behind is the feam-wet shrub-bery that hides this multi-millionaires' palaces. Perched upon a jutting ledge, in the full sunshine, for a rich (a way brown skin is as much the standard of beauty here as in the Marquesas, is a girl in pale green dack, with scarlet blouse and scarlet pop-pies nodding on her big picture hat. A scar-let such is folded into a close belt about her aist and tied with long floating ends be



Golfing at Kelho Valley Club House hind. That hat, by the way, is of green are still here; everything is the same, and | shirred muslin, airy and dainty enough for a garden party. There are water colors handy and a book, but Miss Morton, for it is the eldest daughter of the Governor of New York whom one has caught "rocking." islooking out over the waters of Frenchman's so many golden fish were caught by fair Bay. A young man lies at her feet in such comfort as young men can take upon rocks, was in the "fish pond" that Fred | and a little beyond is a blonde girl all in white, from the dancing plume of her white organdie hat to the toe of her little white shoe. Her white organdle dress stirs with

Rocking by moonlight is more chilly and more sentimental. The warning light petitocats and scariet umbrellas, and in the tower of Egg Rock lighthouse though the tuckboard and the cance are in shines like a star upon the horizon. The their giory, Bar Harbor has become, almost as much as Newport, a cottage city.

waters are still, save for the flash of a canoe paddle or the refrain of a boat-Money has destroyed the quaint ing song. The cry of a loss sounds from yellow, red and brown-tinted fisher village huddled on the coast of going out with the tide. Presently the



"The gray and thunder-emitten pile fog settles down damp and dark, taking which marks afar the Desert Isto." But the curi out of one's hair, and inclining money has built palace "costages" which one to nestle rather closely, for protecare in better taste than Newport's because tion only, to the side of the nearest young something of the guy freedom of the life man. Thus it is that engagements are has got into their architecture and made made at Bar Harbor. them fit better with their background of pine-covered crags and their foreground Frederick Gebhard, who monages her such a background the summer girl doesn't

Perhaps the best canoeist here is Mrs. bring to a picule of this order, and against

dainty shell of birch, with its crimson cushions, as if she were an Indian girl bred to the woods and the waves. Her favorite excursion is to Long Porcunine, whose cleft and caverns give room for a whole summer's explorations.

Another expert with the paddles is Mrs. John Jacob Astor, who, while she was here, sometimes handled the dainty implement herself and sometimes handed it over to Big Thunder, the red man who is most expert of all Bar Harbor braves with the shining blades. Mrs. Aster wears dark blue serge when she goes canoeing, tucked up fish wife fashion, over a petticoat of crimson.

Miss Hinkie, of Chicago, has a canoe built especially for her, all silvery gray, with the silky burch outside, all blue and silver with puffy cushions within.

Miss Hinkle goes as far as Egg Rock

lighthouse alone, but not when she can be induced to profit by the muscle of a bold volunteer waterman. The Bar Harbor canoe is light and swift, nearer the Indian model than any other pleasure boat used. With a crimson parasol at one end and white duck trousers at

the other, it carries as much summer fun and frolic as a craft can hold. The best bicycle rider at Bar Harbor is Mrs. William C. Denny, of Boston, who is out on the Ocean Drive or Bay Drive every



morning in a smart short skirt of cheviot,

with bloose and high russet shoes The most graceful rider is Miss Pauline Whitney, whose engagement to Almeric most lively interest in the wheel. In a white | George W. Vanderbilt is lavishing fitting black, with touches of white most and there, she is invariably one of the most picturesque figures that spin past the bold frocks for the German when sumac flames, when tall grasses bend beneath their when tall grasses bend beneath their esque glens. Miss Alice Webb, daughter of Dr. Seward

of the wheel. Consting down the fally her natty dress of blue duck with black and white facings.

The bicycle flower drill of a few days ago was one of the most piquant events of the season. Twenty-five or thirty wheels were in line and the most fancifully deco rated was ridden by a Baltimore girl in a ong, dark skirt, with enormous buncher of nasturtiums hanging by gay ribbons from the handle bar. Out at the links of the Kebo Valley club-

ouse they play golf because they like it. and not, as at Newport, because they are "faddy." Kebo is an ideal country club "faddy." Kebo is an ideal country club set around with green hills. The gold course is too smooth, according to English ideas, but the summer men in checked tweed Knickerbockers and Highland gaiters, and the summer girls in blue duck and scarlet linen swing their sticks as zealously as if life depended on long drives and keeping well up with the ball. Mrs. W. Seward Webb is the best golfer

among the women who have been over the links this summer. She wears a tartan plaid blouse and a short black skirt-looks as if she meant business—and makes acores worthy of record every day. Mrs. John Jacob Astor is a good goffer

also but is beaten by Miss Rockefeller perhaps the richest heiress in America. This much envied young woman appears on the links with her fiance, Mr. Harold McCor-



"Stanwood," Mrs. James G. Blaine's

mick of Chicago; she in white duck, he ditto; and whether they make records or not, there is always the scent of the wild roses and the red raspberries, and the flicker of the sun through the birch trees to make life fairer and fuller of enjoyment. The girl who drives at Bar Harbor may have a smart little trap, but she is much more apt to bandle the lines from the front seat of a buckboard. The roads are so hilly that the Mount Desert buckboard, one of the handsomest and most comfortable vehicles in America, has been evolved. Miss Helen Brice, while on her visit from Newport, showed her ability to govern even a five-seated buckboard. Miss Morton and Miss Garland are good drivers, but the essence of joility in "Eden"-though I don't need the quotations, for such is the truly name of the township—is attained only when the buckboard has three on a seat with a strong man at the reins, and goes tearing up bill and down, through woods rich in the balsam of fir and pine trees to some bold summit, where one can dismember cold chicken and eat anchovy sandwiches as one looks down 2,000 feet of precipice into the chafing ocean, crimson rug or a big crimson um brella is

live who isn't irresistiple. Pretty, slen-

der girls, with brilliant mobile faces,

among them all Miss Julia Dent Grant,

Cot. Fred Grant's beautiful daughter, comes near to being the reigning belle.

seem to

be drawn here by instinct, and

Miss Grant is one of the best dressed girls at Bar Harbor, as well as one of the prettiest, and her frocks at the Kebo dinner dances are models of French taste and in-genuity. Sweet pea tinted talle over pale



BAR HARBOR GIRLS

pink silk has been one of her recent successess. Pale canarytulle with goldenrod garnitures was another and decidedly sunshiny gown, Mrs. Potter Palmer's tollets are wor

thy of remarks everywhere and asways. Last Saturday night at Kebo she wore a Dreaden patterned silk flounced with black lace, and with a black lace bertha to the low bodice. At a recent dinner she wore a soft Watteau satin, with black velvet and jet garnitures. At a small luncheon she wore black accordeon-plaited nuslin, with no adornment, but bunches of sweet peas.

At Kebo yesterday Mrs. Levi P. Mor-ton wore soft, undressed black satin. Miss Morton wore white corded silk, with antin ribbons. Miss Mary Harrison, of Philadelphia, who has some claims to the belieship, wore shadowy India mus-lin over silk of so delicate a tint as to lin over sik of so delicate a tint as to suggest the flush of pink, rather than to stroke, and the cance moves on quickly. orce attention to the color.-Mrs. John Minturn wore Pergian mauve silk and Mrs. Morris K. Jessip black accordeonplaited muslin, trimmed with white lace edgings and with a white lace collar, Beautiful Stanwood is open, but one sees little of Mrs. James G. Blaine. Mrs.

Burton Harrison, too, lives very quietly at the "Sea Urchins," Joseph Pulltzer, owner of the New York World, has spent more money than one would like to count improving "Chatwold," an enormous place, Hugh Paget does not prevent her taking a all turrets and towers. On Ogden's Point serge costume with blue facings, or in trim-fitting black, with touches of white here cadia.

weight of brintage, when giant brakes spread out their layers of green, and when Webb, is another of Bar Harbor's devotees under the shoulder of huge rocks drift-of the wheel. Consting down the fally wood fires burn close to the surf, which Eagle Lake road, under the spruces and the swirls up between black and frowning cedars, she is very pretty to look upon in | walls? Here is a stretch of beach glitter



Miss Pauline Whitney

ing with the green species of sea urchins there a pool filled with star fish and starry anemones. The red and gray and purple of the rocks blend with indescribable mel lowness, and take it all in all, one needs not people when one sees Bar Harbor's charms of cliff and sea, and needs not nature when one sees Bar Harbor's pretty girls. ELIZA PUTNAM HEATON.

Her Way. Clara-You've heard me speak of young Bagster, haven't you?

Maud-Oh, yes. Clara-Do you know, the fellow has fallen n love with me!

ud-Has he said anything? Clara-Oh, no. Maud-Are you sure?

and yet diffidence holds him back. Maud-What are you going to do-accept Clara-Mercy, no. That's what troubles me. He's nice, and all that, but I know I could never love him, and certainly never would consent to marry him. Yet I don't

Clara-Yes, indeed. I can tell by so many

ways. I know he is on the eve of proposing

Maud-I see. What you want to do is to stop him where he is. Clara-Exactly. Can you suggest a way? Maud-Certainly. Send him to see me.-

want him to think I am a coquette.

An Unremantic View of It. "Do you believe in the transmigration of souls, Mr. Oldbatch?" asked Miss Birdle

McGinnts. "Certainly I do. Whenever a man goes down on his knees before a woman to beg for her heart or her hand, or possibly both, I am sure he possesses the soul of a camel, that goes down on his knees so that heavy burdens can be placed on his back," replied the cynical old pessimist.—Texas Siftings.

Thorough.

Attacked Lady-What more do you want? I have given you all my fewelry and money. Highwayman—Have you no more gold or silver about you? Let me see your teeth.— Humoristische Blaetter.

These Girls Are Paddlers

FRAIL BARKS, YOU KNOW, ARE GREAT MATCH MAKERS.

Young Paget Courted Miss Whitney in One on the Historic Nile.

Canoeing must bereafter take an important place in summer amusements, and particularly in such ones as refer to the summer heiress and the bait by which she is caught. Indeed, the more womanish pastimes must step back while canoeing comes to the

It was going up the Nile in a canoe that she go dinnerless during her voyage, like the Princess of Wales. She is such an young Almeric Hugh Paget, of England, won the heart of Miss Pauline Whitney, of America, one of this country's most noted catches.

The Nile stories, like all others pertaining to that stream ever since Moses and the bulrushes, has different versions. One is that Miss Whitney and Mr. Paget canoed in opposite ends of the boat until patience ceased to be a virtue, and Mr. Paget threw

away his paddle and declared himself.

Another is that Mr. Paget was not in th cance at all, but that he remained with the party on shore, which included Mr. Whitney, Mr. Payne, the rich Western uncle of Miss Pauline, and those interesting boy brothers, while Miss Pauline with some girl friends took a small Egyptian came, with a paddle at each end, and started up stream. They paddled all the morning, and when they ame back so lively a description did the give of their morning that young Paget be came jealous of the wooden cance and ac cused Miss Pauline of forgetting him for a senseless thing like that.

Explanations followed and the engage ment was amounced to the party ere the Spainx of the Nile was bidden adicu. But like the Sphinx the party were to be speechiess until bidden to talk. However, actions spoke so much louder than words that the engagement has just been told abroad to the world a season too soon, but none too early for people to know, as the marriag occurs in the autumn. This is one story of cance life this season.

At Bar Harbor, where Miss Whitney is summering, canoeing is one of the most pop-ular sports. There are small inlets where the cance can glide when ther craft will of penetrate easily, and into these the interesting young woman, her five-year-old sister, to whom she has been a mother, and two friends paddle duily. Miss Whitney's friends are two English girls, relatives of the Paget family, of which she will soon be a member herself, thouth she will live in St. Paul, the city of Mr. Paget's adoption. Canoeing as a girl's pastime is prettier han rowing, as it gives a better exercise to the arms and chest. The paddler stands upright in the end of the boat and moves the paddle in swift back strokes, like sweeping THE HARTE SISTERS.

The trick of puddling must be learned from the Indians, who can step spon a board and with an oar send the rude craft in any direction, moving through the water faster than a naphtha launch. But the average girl canoer does not attempt to do more than move her bout through the water at a moderate speed, while the steering is done by a rudder, managed by a companion in the other end of the came. There are Indian guides who make a business of tenching Two of the best canoers in the world are

the daughters of Bret Harte. Jessamy Harte, the artist daughter, is so skillful with the paddle that she is looked upon with suspicion by the mothers of daughters who are scary about allowing their girls to go upon the waves with the Harte girls. But Bret Harte isn't afraid. He says his girls are smart enough to look out for themselves. Not long ago they paddled across a rough stream, went around a rocky projection, landed, pulled the canoe ashere, climbed an there, and wound up by paddling back i time for supper.

There are different kinds of cannes. The American Canoe Association boasts a large number of "associate members," wives and sisters and sweethearts of male members, who accompany them to their annual meets. And here every sort of a cause is found. The men for the most part prefer a canoe with sails and elaborate seafaring apparatus, but the women who go along and who take their own cances much prefer paddles to sails. If they are going to use sails they prefer the car-boat. an' he's been den which has all the sails wanted. But when delphia Telegraph.

they are canoeing they like to paddle their

canoe, not sail it.

The women canoeists always have a small settlement of their own, usually called out of regard to the early women cancelsts, "Squaw Point," and here, nestled up as close to the men's elbows as the laws of the association permit, they camp out, cook their own rations and paddle their cances in the waters alongside the men.
MISS CLEVELAND CANOES.

A gray-haired and rather stout canoeist is Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, sister of the President, and she enjoys going alone. Her favorite spot is along the Massachusetts coast, where she has relatives. She canoes in very fashionable dress, despite all that is said about her "mannishness."

A very pretty little canocist is "Jennie

Langtry, christened Jeanne, the daughter of the Lily, who paddles her mother easily and safely through English streams, There is a pretty yachting story told of the Duchess of York, and as it is a true one in all its details, adds much to be charms. The Duchess, be it known, is a great seawoman. She does not suffer from

seasickness, like the poor queen, nor does

inveterate lover of the water, that she remains upon the waves as long as possible, declining to cross the gang-plank while any pleasant companion remains aboard, and once on land she looks around for means to get back upon the water.

Just after her marriage, while she an Prince George were traveling around to let people get a view of them, they stopped at a beautiful place up the Thames where the inhabitants had gathered together a very large and handsome loving cup to be presented as a bridal gift. Knowthey had also placed at her disposal a large, buiky, pondersome, though expensive, cance, warranted not to overturn, for her a lady in attendance, without whom royalty cannot travel, even upon a bridal tour, suggested a canon race, The adles of X--are going to race this afternoon for your amusement," said she, adding, 'and it would be a source of infinite pleasure to them if you would race also,

though this is asking a great deal."
"Not ut all," replied the princess laughingly . "But I shall not race! I could beat them all easily, even with that ponderous craft, and not for the world would I burt the feelings of such good people." So the ladies raced, and the smiling princess applauded. A ROYAL PADDLER.

When Eulalie was here she could not understand why she was not permitted to go canoning upon the Chicago labes, which she so much admired. "It is not the custom," suggested for guide and master of ceremonies, "except at watering places in the summer," "But am I not a princess away upon a holidar?" not a princess away upon a holiday?

queried Edialie, imperiously.

The Infanta is one of the cleverest scallers in France, where she lives much of the year. She has canced with puddle against several American ladies of Paris and has wen every time. To cance suc cessfully, according to her instructions given to an American Indy, you must handle your puddle as though you were brushing the water aside, first from one side of the hoat and then the other. The overhand swing of the paddle is easily learned and gives quick muscle.

It is quite a fad for a man and his wife to cance together. You causee Mr. and Mrs. Van Renssekter Cruger standing up in a long cause gliding silently down stream any afternoon as the sun gets low and back again ere the dusk has fallen. In many of the "Julien Gordon" stories Mrs. Cruger has placed her heroine in a cause and it may be that in these little trips she gets the ideas and the setting, as it were, for the story in which the heroine can never be scated at all, but must hear her love tale as the ploneer women o the Mississippi heard theirs, with both hands guiding a craft.

It is rather sad to learn that after one has paddled successfully and has learned the art so that the paddle does not tire the arms mere rowing becomes instpid, and thereafter there is nothing except paddling a cause that can interest! CONSTANCE MERRIFIELD.

Accounted For.

"She is a very indifferent netress and

The other clubman knocked the ashes from his cigar. "If you will notice," he observed, "the most of them are bad eggs." not entirely devoid of fitness - Detroit

The Obstacle.

Lady-It is strange that a strong man like you cannot get any work. The Tramp-Well, you see, mum, people wants reference from me last employer an' he's been dead twenty years.-Phila-



Paddlers in a Bar Harbor Inlet, Miss Whitney in the Center. (Sketched by a girl artist who is spending the summer canceling.)

GAY DAYS AT LONG BRANCH

Even Clara Barton Succumbs to Soft Indolence.

IS QUITE A SUMMER GIRL

Ex-Gox. Flower Reducing His Flesh by Bathing.

Long Branch, Aug 8 .- The entire segnat this week has been treated to the novel sight of a new sort of summer girl. Early last Monday Miss Clara Barton came out to stroll upon the sands, and visions of her all the week, boating, fishing, seabathing and promenading the piazzas, have been frequent. The object of Miss Barton's sudden con-

ersion to the summer fad has been very apparent, even though she may have tried to onceal it under a pretext of social enjoys ment. She has designs upon all the summer men to be found along the coast, and she has come to meet them as Mahomet came to the mountain-because the mountain would not come to him.

One day George W. Pullman and Miss Barton were "closeted" in one corner upon a luxurious sofa in the hotel partor, and before he had left the little Red Cross woman Mr. Pollman had promised certain valuable alds in the establishment of cortain branches of the society in upper New York. Nor was Miss Barton content then. She en-trapped several other philanthropic milonaires, and ere they parted from her she had their signatures to certain little docu-ments which meant much to her and her work

HOW MISS BARTON LOOKS. " As a summer girl it cannot be said that Miss Burton is presty. Her mouth is twice too broad, and her smile three times too be-nevolent. And her hair is not puffed as the temples, but just brought down flus and licked smooth with a brush. Her have no balloon attachments, and her aktives are fur too alinky around the ankies. But all have fallen a victim to her goodness! She has an unselfish, carnest, I. hink-you are so kind look that makes you resolve to give her something for her ever-lasting "sufferers"—something, even if se nothing but your last season's bathing-

While poor Saratoga up in the North is rubbing its eyes and choking back its sobs at the duliness of the season and the abutng down of its fine club-house inflers new 35,000 curpet had been lought), Long Branch is rubbing itshands and doneing with give. Its senson is immense. There are are bluctish eaten here in a day than could be caught off its pier in a season, and more fine horses driven down the avenue than would be needed to convey has month's bulk of congratulations to President Cleve-

and at Gray Gables in regnistyle.

There are many fine cottages here, as ottage life at the Branch is historic. Bun f them all the most interest centers around the Pullman abode. The Pullman cottage is a large building with plazons and a deep own in front. It has fully forty sleeping rooms and a dining-room like a banquet hall, but its exterior is not pretentious, only vine-clad and inviting. A house party gathers here from spring until fall and over Sanday the cottage is fall to over-

lowing of young guests. Sanger Pulman, the son whose matrimonal prospects are now being discussed as a great "oatch," owns a beautiful tan-dem, the leader of which trots continuity on its hind logs and the rear horse appears to do all the work with his fore feet. This show lender is one of the sights of Long Stranch and one marvels at the skill of young Sanger, who can guide so circus like a steed safely through the maze of tandems, T-carts,

PAST HISTORIC COTTAGES. Summer places must no w boast a memorial maccessible" mountain, stuck a fing up | yet so many fellows literally throw them- | spot in order to be fully in the swim, Long Branch has the Elberon coltage, where Garfield died. Almough located at Elberon, be it known that the cottage is only a few rods beyond Long Bra proper, and that visitors to the Branch find t pleasant to stroll down the broad avenue vehings, taking in the sights that line it. They pass the Pullman cuttage, sire at this time to have a row of bicycles leaning against its front porch, while the family sips after dinner coffee in an arbor; and they pass the historic Grant cottage, the Maggie Mixchell abode, the former Mary Anderson residence, George W. Childs eany Elberon dwellings, and the home milt by Mrs. Winslow, whose name is not unknown in the nurseries of the land. Then they reach the Garfield cottage, very beautiful this year, and, tired with their

walk, are glad to catch a singe home. I There are a few hours in the morning when the beach is turned into a bathing apartment, and during which all the world comes to be dipped in the saity brine and to go back fresh and strong. Politicians bathe to clear their brains. Others give different rescous for dipping. and the ocean, like the Turkish bath, kindly adapts itself to all requirements. Reswell Flower bathes to get thin and muscular, and T. C. Pintt, who cannot possibly keep out of the water a day, dips to get stout and hay. Too much nerve energy is what he suffers from constantly. Champion Corbett, since spraining his wrist by failing off a baycle, has been lying upon the water to recuperate and bathe his sore arm, and his trainers, never far from him, have been swimming energetically and knocking heads with the mermaids below the surface of

A very attractive driver of fire horses this year is Miss Norma Munro, whose name is familiar in sound through connection with publishing interests. Miss Munro is one of the youngest, the finest and the most desirable girls at Long Branch, or of the summer anywhere. She is "the new, weman," with considerable of the admirable old in that she never goes anywhere unchaperoused by her mother, and is the pink of propriety even when wearing a man's jacket and a sailor hat.

DIGGING FOR TOES. There is no place in the world that sports as many naughty bathing suits as Long Branch. A bit of black satin, a helt of scarlet and a bandanna for nattiness of headgear, is all that is needed with a pute of silk stockings. The weater sits upon the beach, digs the silk toes in the sand, invites all her friends to find them, and when they are dug out laughs bilariously and trips back to the hotel. She hok been "in buth-

By far the greatest event of the Long Branch day is the watching of the races between Vigilant and Defender. The trial course does not lie pust the Branch. But where one loves yachting love will find a Early every racing any, and every otherday, too, for the snow-white chample look very attractive even bring still off Sandy Hook, small boats put out with a company of summer guests aboard to sail up to where

the big yachts lie.
It is not a long distance to go to see such racing yachts as these, and no wonder than Col. Ochfitree, Lucky Baldwin, and all the great omnipresents are aboard. Willie K. Vanderbila's Valiant joins the little free of on lookers and Orden Goelet's White Ladva is also among them, as are all the other great white craft that are known all over